

TO
John Burroughs.

Dirge for Two Veterans.

Poem for Recitation.

BY

Walt Whitman.

With Melodramatic Music for the Pianoforte
COMPOSED BY

Frederic Louis Ritter.

Op. 13.



Price 75¢

NEW YORK,
EDWARD SCHUBERTH & Co.
23 UNION SQUARE.

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

1. The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond, it is looking
Down on a new-made double grave.
2. Lo! the moon ascending!
Up from the east, the silvery round moon;
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon;
Immense and silent moon.
3. I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd bugles;
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.
4. I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirling;
And every blow of the great convulsive drums,
Strikes me through and through.
5. For the son is brought with the father;
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell;
Two veterans, son and father, dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.
6. Now nearer, and nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive;
And the day-light o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead march enwraps me.
7. In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumin'd;
'Tis some mother's large, transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.
8. O strong dead march, you please me!
O moon immense, with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans, passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.
9. The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music;
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS.

Poem by WALT WHITMAN.

Music by
FREDERIC LOUIS RITTER.

Andante quasi Adagio.

Piano.

pp una corda.

cresc.

p

tre corde.

dim.

pp

The last sunbeam Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath, On the pavement here,
'and there beyond, it is

looking, Down on a new-made double grave.



Lo! the moon ascending! Up from the east, the silvery round moon;



Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon; Immense and silent moon.



I see a sad procession, And I hear the sound of coming



full-key'd bugles; All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,



As with voices and with tears,

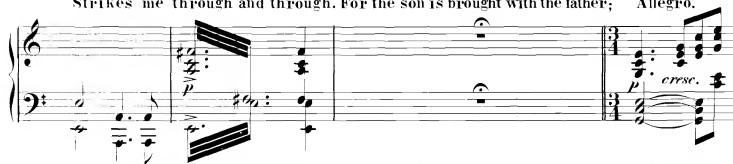
I hear the great drums pounding,



And the small drums steady whirring; And every blow of the great consulsive drums,



Strikes me through and through. For the son is brought with the father; Allegro.



In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell;

Two veterans,



son and father, dropt together, And the double grave awaits them,

piu lento.



Tempo I: Now nearer and nearer blow the bugles, And

pp una corda. *cresc.* *tre corde.*

all the drums strike more convulsive;

cresc. *ff*

And the daylight

dim. *p*

o'er the pavement quite has faded, And the strong dead march enwraps me.

dim. *tr*

In the eastern sky up-buoying, The sorrowful vast phantom moves illum'd;

pp

Tis some mother's large, transparent face, In heaven brighter

growing.

O strong dead march,
you please me !

O moon immense, with your silvery face

you soothe me ! O my soldiers twain ! O my veterans, passing to burial !

What I have I also give you.

Largamente.

rall. *f*

The moon gives, And the bugles and the drums give you music; And my heart,
you light,

p

O my soldiers, my veterans, My heart gives you love.

pp *ff* *dim.*

p *dim.* *una corda.* *pp* *ppp*

